

The WESLEYAN



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The Wesleyan

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SONG TO WESLEYAN

*We sing a song of love for Wesleyan,
A song of love and loyalty and praise,
A song of thanks for Wesleyan's priceless gifts,
A song of joy for happy Wesleyan days.*

CHORUS.

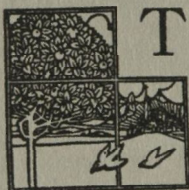
*Gladly now do we sing to thee;
Tributes of love do we bring to thee;
Loyal for aye we will cling to thee,
Wesleyan!*

*Through all the years in loving memory
We'll hold our Alma Mater's image dear;
And evermore her call to truth, and right,
And greater womanhood, we still shall hear.*

*Oh, Wesleyan! We seek for words of praise
In vain—so great would be our thought of thee—
But, better, let us praise thee with our lives,
And loyal to thy ideals ever be.*

MERRIE REBEL AND THE SOMETHING NICE

RUTH WHITE, '16



THREE lean old cows waited patiently for the wisp of a girl to swing open the big pasture gate, then slowly straggled through while she dropped the heavy bar in place and stood with her back to the road, her eyes resting dreamily on the white pillars gleaming through the arches of fine old oaks. It had been a hot, dusty day and the evening in its heavy stillness was bringing no respite from the hours of endless worry and discomfort. The child, for she seemed hardly more, pushed a dark curl back from her blue eyes and sighed impatiently, then turned her head quickly as the unmistakable sound of a horse's ringing hoofs reached her ear. She jerked the small Confederate flag from her bosom where it was tucked every morning in readiness for the passing of some of "our soldiers," and stood waiting to wave it when the approaching cavalry came by; but suddenly around the curve in the road dashed a single rider. He was making straight for the avenue leading up to Roselawn when, spying the small figure at the gate, he swung his horse sharply around, speaking before he reached her side:

"Is it you, Merrie? I managed to get through the lines to-day after trying it for a month. They're after me now, I'm afraid, so I haven't a minute to lose, but I wanted to tell you—" and he lowered his voice, "that I have good reasons for believing that we're going to march straight through this country and within a few weeks you won't be safe here. Uncle Jim says the school in Macon is going to shelter as many as they have room for and that you all will be taken in there, if you will only go at once. Won't you ask the Major to be reasonable and to take you there?"

Won't you make him do it?" And then as she merely stared and shook her head, "But there's danger, I tell you, Merrie. Won't you protect yourself for my sake?"

At that the startled little girl lost her dumbness, and drawing herself up tall and straight, with eyes flashing darkly, became very angry. "For your sake! You dare to ask that when you're fighting against us, when you've been here and spied on us and then gone back to kill our men; when Uncle Frank is wounded and Tom and Charlie dead; the cabins empty, no darkies in the fields and not enough to eat. You've helped to do it and then come here in blue and ask me 'for your sake!' I tell you no, Kirk Warren! I wish I had never seen you. I hate you, oh, I hate you so!" And her head went down on the old gate post, but scarcely before the offended soldier had lashed his horse into a run and with a single backward glance was dashing madly down the pike.

Merrie listened intently but could not tell whether the sounds of hurried riding came from two directions or only one. She dropped wearily to the dusty road, a disconsolate little heap sobbing wildly with her head in her hands. "Down rat mad," as Mammy Sal would say, but not angry with the vanished cavalryman; only with herself that she had welcomed him with words which were hot and cruel. But were they not true and did he not deserve them? Merrie forgot that the small boy who had come every year to visit his uncle on the adjoining plantation could hardly have come to spy on the South. Should that have been the case, then certainly she, Merrie Revell, had aided and abetted him in his crime, for she had been his shadow and the two had spent their days in spying out nothing more important than the best fishing holes and biggest berry patches. She had forgotten, too, that as a citizen of a Northern state his duty was as clear to his country as was the duty of all her cousins and friends to the South. Merrie dried her eyes and got to her feet just as a small group of cavalry halted at the gate, the gray-clad leader stepping down from his horse to ask:

"Madam, some one has passed here lately. I am right?"

"No—, no one has passed," gasped Merrie, and when the little squad had pressed on, she found herself praying that Kirk might have reached safety. She smiled and sighed, and knew at last that she had not been angry at all, but had simply pretended. She did not want the Union soldier to see how glad his coming made her, when he had waited so long to assure her that he was sorry to have to fight against her South. But he had risked his life to see her, and that was very comforting.

When supper was safely over and Major Revell buried in his military tactics, Merrie sat on the steps, with her head resting against the big pillar, and thought it all over. She wondered if Kirk was really right, and how great the danger would be. But she wasn't afraid; she wanted to be in it and she had always wanted to be a martyr. What would papa say when she told him? Would he really go to the school in Macon as Kirk had said? Oh, no, indeed. Kirk would never have suggested such a thing had he known of the trouble. The trouble had come up shortly after Kirk's last visit, when her old tutor announced that he could teach her nothing more, and Kirk's uncle, Colonel Cathcart, had insisted that mad-cap Merrie be sent to the Female College in Macon. Major Revell had flatly refused to have his tom-boy finished before her pig-tails were turned up, and he had made some very grave charges against the new plan of higher education for women, all of which the young lady in question neither understood nor worried over. Colonel Cathcart was a trustee of the college, which the Major, much to his friend's chagrin, insisted on terming a "Female Seminary," and the school was his pet fad and special care. That his best and oldest friend should refuse to give his daughter into the keeping of the esteemed tutors of the school, was an insult his injured pride could not pass over lightly. The war had diverted the old man's attention from his precious hobby, and Merrie knew that when he came

back the trouble would be forgotten, but in the meantime would her father take refuge in the despised "Female Seminary?"

When she found him dozing in the big chair and told him of the hurried visit and its purpose, he surprised her with his quick acquiescence to the suggestion. He sighed, shook his head, and gazing absently at the empty sleeve with which he had returned from Mexico, said sadly, "I'm afraid the boy is right, Merrie," which meant, of course, that they would go. Mammy Sal, as it proved, had a greater surprise in store for them both, for when the Major told her of their plans, and directed her to pack for a hurried departure, she became most emphatically indignant.

"Marse John, what does you mean! You mus' be ouden yo' senses to ax me to tek my chile to dat place. Don' you know how it'll jes be de ruination of Miss Merrie, Marse John? All dem female folks agettin' holt on er and puttin' hifalutin notions in 'er head and jes spilin' her fur her own folks heah! Naw, suh! Don' you tell me nothin' 'bout dat Female Semitary. I knows all 'bout it, Marse John. Ain't I done been over to the Joneses to see Miss Carline, whut dey all sez 'as come back so improved fum de school down to Macon? Yas, suh, Marse John, I seed her and she sartiny is improved. Yas, suh! Asettin' aroun' while her maw was a-tyin' up the rose bushes, and when I sez to her: 'Honey, show me what dey done larn you at dat Female Semitary,' Marse John, you know what dat gal done? She des flap down at de pianny and holler, 'Oh, Mammy Sal, dey done larn us how to sweep de key-board'—des lak dat, and her arms, dey flew up in de air, lak she was ahangin' out de washin'. I didn' wait to heah de chune she gwine play. I jes sez: 'Chile, you go back to dat er semitary and tell 'em to larn you how to tek a broom and sweep de plank-board.' Huh! sweep de key-board! Fo' de Lord, Marse John, I hopes you'll have mo' sense dan to tek my lam' to dat Female Semitary place!"

"Mammy Sal, stop talking nonsense! Didn't papa tell you that Kirk Warren says the Yankees are going to march through here and they will burn our house and we must go to Macon for protection?"

"I knowed dat boy wuz in dis mess. Jes' case he say I ain't 'nuff protection fo' you and yo' paw, why I aint! Jes lak 'Mary,' what de preacher baptize you, wuzn't yo' name no mo' when he come along and call you 'Merrie.' Den all de res' dese niggers an' white folks, dey has to call you 'Merrie,' too."

"Mammy Sal, you make me tired! Kirk called me 'Merrie' when I was a little girl because that's the way they say 'Mary' up North, and it won't do any good to fuss because papa and I are going in the big carriage and you can stay behind if you want to."

With that she left the old darky to forget her grievance in the hurry and bustle of preparation for an early departure.

Of the months spent in Macon, some dragged and some flew, but Merrie was learning new things every day, so none of the days were long. From the outside, she learned of the terrible work of the raiders, and in the same breath with which she blessed Kirk for saving them from homelessness, she told herself that she hated him, hated him, for the suffering caused by the march of his comrades through Georgia. She told herself this so often that she almost believed it.

On the inside, she and Mammy Sal, as well as the Major, were learning things very different from those they had imagined about the offensive school. The Female College was truly a haven of refuge, and the females themselves such true and charming gentlewomen that Major Revell hastened to admit his error by doing them all the courteous homage of which his race was capable. Anxious to assure his old friend of his now hearty approval of the cherished school, he sent no less than a dozen copies of the same let-

ter to Colonel Cathcart, reported wounded, hoping that one at least might find him, where he lay in a Richmond hospital.

Of all those weary days of waiting, there were only three which Merrie remembered forever afterwards. One was a blustery, rainy, blowy, wintry day of their first year away from Roselawn, when the Federal lines were all about the town and a trooper brought her a letter from Kirk. Characteristically he went straight to the heart of the matter. The first salutation: "Miss Mary Revell. Dear Madam," had been crossed out, and there was written beneath it very simply:

"Dear Little Merrie Rebel: I have just had news from Uncle Jim to the effect that you and the Major are at the college in Macon. I feel more relief than I could possibly put into words at knowing that you are safe and that you have forgiven me for asking you once to go there. I know that now you understand and that your thoughts are very kind and just toward all of us who are unfortunate enough to be your enemies, and so, if you are quite willing, I will forgive you for turning such a little fury the last time I called. And since in war the future is often a mirage, and I can't count confidently on seeing her face to face again, I want to tell the woman who inspires me to the best and highest in me, and who was the little comrade of my happiest boyhood days, that I love her. KIRK WARREN."

Merrie read the words over and over again. She did not hear her father enter from the street, but a gust of wind through the open door blew a small Confederate flag from the wall. The flag fell squarely across the letter in her hands, and straight on to the coals in the grate Miss Merrie threw flag, letter and all, while she told herself over and over again that he was a Yankee and she hated him. But as soon as her father was safely out of sight, she scooped up the gray ashes that had been a Confederate flag and a Union soldier's letter and sewed them up in a little blue ribbon which she pinned over her heart.

The second memorable day was in the spring following, when Merrie sat by an open window and hunted persistently through her old hair trunk for a stray scrap of lace to adorn a four-year-old dress. She wished to wear it at the wedding for which the household was preparing with as much an air of festivity as was possible in war days. She found one tiny scrap wrapped very carefully about a small square something—a something which proved to be the daguerreotype Kirk had sent her during his first year in college. Merrie forgot the lace and the dress while the picture in her hand brought memories of other things, and she was dreaming happily of the big apple tree when Mammy Sal spoiled it all. Mammy Sal came noisily into the room, bringing an apronful of threadbare garments, snowy from their recent tubbing, and with no apparent connection between the song and the laundry, Mammy Sal's camp-meeting voice was swelling out on the strains of Dixie. Before she realized what was happening Merrie had thrown the heavy daguerreotype through the window. It fell with a splash into the well back of the house, while Mammy Sal, dropping her burden, threw up her hands in horror, thus voicing her surprise:

"Chile, chile, whar is yo' sense? Is yo' goin' to fill up de well so we won't hab no water—an' water's all we got nohow!"

The third day was the day following. On this day Major Henry Porter, 12th Georgia Infantry, came to Macon, as Merrie had known he would come, and he asked the very question that Merrie had known he would ask, but try as she might, Merrie could not make her lips give him the answer he deserved to hear, and when he left her he was still her good and kind friend as he had always been.

There was, however, still another day to be reckoned with by Merrie Revell. Appomattox was past by nearly two months, and already the Major was making plans to return to the empty cabins and gaunt chimneys of Roselawn when Merrie awoke one morning with the delicious feeling

that something nice was going to happen. It took her several hours to decide what the something nice might be, and having decided she called through the hall.

"Mammy Sal, where's my basket? I think the strawberries must be ripe and I'm going to pick them."

"Yo' basket's out on de back piazza, honey, but yo' ain't gwine pick dem berries lessun yo' picks 'em green an' dat's de gospel truf." But, of course, Mammy Sal didn't know about the something nice, and so Merrie forgave her unbelief.

She sang blithely all the way to the garden, confidently expecting to find ripe berries when she looked underneath the leaves. She searched the nearest plants, but there were no ripe berries there, but perhaps the next—no, not there, nor there, nor there, and she finally gave up in despair, exclaiming impatiently: "Every one green as grass! Mean old things! If they won't be the something nice, where am I going to find it?"

Just as she gave the empty basket a vicious little kick, a step behind her and a laughing voice supplied the answer to her question. "Where are the strawberries, Merrie? Mammy Sal told me you were out here picking all the green ones." But after one hasty glance Merrie, in sheer panic, had turned her back squarely on the intruder. He must never know how glad she was to see him, nor how she had feared he might never come. He had waited two long months and now he must not be rewarded too graciously. Kirk, fearful and bewildered, could not guess her thoughts and his voice had lost all its banter as he doggedly made her hear a part of what he had come so far to tell her:

"I dared to believe that you understood and had forgiven me, Merrie. I see now that I was mistaken, and I beg your pardon for coming back to trouble you. I suppose I have no right to tell you that I had hoped for the joy of living and working here with you. I had even dreamed of the things we might do together to help the South recover from these terrible days, and regain the happiness I saw here once, long ago. I was a fool, I guess.

Won't you tell the Major good-bye for me? I can't say it myself, Merrie," and she heard him walking away down the garden path.

"Kirk! Kirk! Where are you going? Come back! Oh, I want you to come back!" At last, Merrie's heart got the upper hand and turned her around just in the nick of time; when he saw her face, the tall soldier forgot all his glib speeches and could only stammer, "You—you want me to stay, Merrie?"

"Yes, oh Kirk—I think I couldn't bear it if you didn't!"

And then the little green strawberries down under the leaves witnessed a sight which made them blush such a very rosy red that when Major Revell came later in the day to inspect the fruit which Merrie declared would always be green, he found every single berry as ripe as anyone could wish. Kirk and Merrie have never yet succeeded in convincing the Major that his daughter was not stricken with color-blindness on the day the something nice happened down by the garden path at Colonel Cathcart's cherished college.



THE AFTERGLOW



SUCH a good day it had been, from the minute the sun's first rays had made glad the hillsides with their wealth of tropical verdure and challenged man to rejoice in the sunlight of another day of toil and pleasure, to the time when the shadows lengthened and the same old sun began to hide behind the palm trees which towered in the valley like sentinels above their companions. Aurora has never drawn back the curtains of the dawn with more grace than did the heralds of the sungod as they prepared the entrance to his evening palace that day. His golden chariot disappeared, appeared again, and then, as if impatient for a rest, his fiery steeds dropped down beyond our vision. But the beauty left behind was more glorious. Every tiny leaflet in the gleam of the golden afterglows threw back the blended tints of the sunset colors. The clouds were not flaming pink, nor orange hued that afternoon, but piled up high over the hilltops, their folds were lined with shades of purple and of gold. A hush, a stillness, seemed to come upon the earth, and memory in that hour of quiet repose had time to claim the thoughts of a far away Wesleyan girl.

How royal in the radiance of a sunny day in autumn had seemed the purple folds of old Wesleyan's banner flaunted for the first time before Freshman eyes. If she could just get hold of it, wave it once on high and press its soft folds to her lips. Such is the ardor of youth! It stood for so many things then—for a history first told to her by a grandmother who had learned and lived the lessons Wesleyan taught so many years ago, lessons which she too must learn. It stood for things she had long dreamed about and things she did not know were in the category of dreams. It stood for the great, rich truths which Wesleyan had in store for her, truths which she had heard about, but as yet had hardly dared to think it in her power to know and use.

So time went on. Every day the dear old colors took unto themselves new meanings, each one deeper than the one before. Every year these meanings were gathered, re-organized, and stored away in her heart, until they became a part of her, stamping themselves on her thoughts, her actions, her character.

When the fight for the first hilltop in the world of knowledge was almost over, the Senior thought she comprehended then what four years under the lavender and purple had done and still would do for her.

*"Out of the stress of doing,
Into the conquest done;
Out of the long pursuing
Into victory won."*

Not a victory but had been well won by struggle, not a defeat but had brought its laurels in the end. And among a Senior's greatest assets stand the friendships she has made. She would fain have built a temple there to Friendship, and lived there in the wealth of it always. But that banner with the splendor of the afterglow upon it had yet another meaning, the meaning of a call that drives to action.

Just as the old mother eagle stirs her nest that the untried wings may of necessity learn at last to pass the highest crags and know the vastness of the heavens, so that call comes to every true daughter when she leaves her Alma Mater. Is the flying easy? Were the things attained well worth the cost of attainment? It is not the best friend who makes a thing easy for us, but the friend who imparts to us the will to struggle for it and inspires us with strength to further our ideals and make perfect in realization our purposes.

We can not know the full worth of a treasure until we have put it to use. So it is after the Wesleyan girl has answered that she knows the supreme meaning of the banner which gave her the call to action. That meaning becomes the balancing wheel in the daily routine of her work. When love of adventure and fondly cherished illusions

would run away with reason, there is an anchor sure and steadfast in the lessons of patience and unswerving resolution which were taught her by a master hand. When the practical side of life becomes commonplace, there come trooping memories and hopes which make the matter-of-fact gleam afresh with romance, and throw fresh blossoms on the way that is hardest to travel.

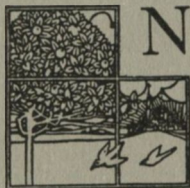
Thus will it ever be, so long as she is true to herself, and the way will grow better and the lessons dearer each day. She can never grow old, so long as visions of those bright, glad days in the springtime of her youth come and go and each time leave their imprint. For every vision brings again the message from the royal folds of that same banner which shone so regally in the gleaming sunlight of her Freshman days, a message which still reassures the heart that paths of Duty *somewhere* lead to glory. And it is *there* the final afterglow will come.

A 1915 GIRL.



WESLEYAN'S GREAT-HEARTS

MIRIAM ROGERS, '17



NOT all of them, however. This paper proposes to treat only of those who have gone to far-off lands to spend themselves for their "sisters who sit in darkness."

The founding of Wesleyan was rather a bold innovation. The great question in 1836 was: "Is woman capable of taking part in the world's work?" Our great institution was the first answer to this question, and if Wesleyan has ever been justified for anything, it is that she has glorified work. Ever since her founding, her graduates have been "conjugating the verb—to do." Education as social service has found a response in the lives of many of our alumnae who have made "reason and the will of God prevail" to the four ends of the earth.

The spirit of the twentieth century seems to have permeated our college even as far back as 1848. The brotherhood of man was a new idea, and we had not thought of living in terms of world service so much. Yet in this early day of woman's activity, three of Wesleyan's graduates had a vision of world need. The heart of woman was broadening, and in its sweep it included all nations. China and India were our objective points in 1848; Mary Houston Allen and the Jewett sisters were our representatives.

We are hero worshippers, and we ask you to judge our college by our alumnae. There is one we love to think of; great in scholarship and great in heart power. Who has not heard of Laura Askew Haygood? Glimpses of her college life are given us by her biographer, Anna Muse Brown. Miss Haygood seems to have entered into every phase of college life, and was a general favorite. Her philosophy of life is portrayed in the subject of her senior composition, "Great Men Are the Gift of God."

For nineteen years following her graduation in 1865, Miss Haygood adopted the profession of teaching, for which she was fitted both by nature and training. The little private school in Atlanta soon grew into a high school for girls. For a number of years, she was principal of the Atlanta Girls' High School.

The transmission of personality is a wonderful thing. Who can estimate the range of it? Laura Haygood passed by and "sweetness and light" were scattered. From Atlanta, Georgia, to China, one life was felt. At least two churches of Atlanta, St. Paul's and St. John's Methodist, were the direct outgrowth of a little Sunday School organized by this wonderful woman. She was a Sunday-school expert, and organized many teacher training classes in various churches of the city.

In 1884, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Laura Haygood was present at the college, and pledged herself for China. In China the transmission of personality was continued; the boys of Shanghai felt it in the English instruction; the students of the Clopton School and of two day schools felt the influence of their principal. It requires a vast amount of executive ability to manage three schools at one time, and executive ability Laura Haygood possessed in an unusual degree. But the masterpiece of her life's work was the founding of the McTyeire Home and School which has meant and still means so much for the womanhood of China. Laura Haygood died in 1900, but the "divine spark" in her life has never died.

It has been impossible to secure facts about every one of our missionaries, but we have gathered enough to know that Wesleyan has taken a rather conspicuous part in this field. For seventy years, we have had representatives in the great world-wide missionary movement. During the interval between 1848 and 1916, there have been at least thirty-two.

Seventeen have gone to China. The Jewett sisters and Mary Houston Allen, already mentioned, were the first.

The Jewett girls afterwards went to India. Laura Haygood came next. Fannie Winn, Janet Mallary, Ella Lav-erett, Emma Gary, Nettie Peacock, and Mary Culler White are our evangelistic workers in China. Miss White is personally known to many of our present student body. She made us several visits last year, during her furlough, and gave us many interesting facts about her work. Our educational workers for China include Bessie Houser, Ethel Allen, and Mary Loehr Davis. Four of our girls went out as wives of missionaries. They are Mrs. Young J. Allen, Mrs. George Loehr, Mrs. W. B. Bonnell, and Mrs. W. B. Burke. We do not know how many of the seventeen are still in China.

To Japan, Wesleyan's contribution has been a kindergarten expert. The people of Japan have shown a keen appreciation of Miss Margaret Cook's strong personality, and have accepted our gift with enthusiasm. As head of the Kindergarten Training School of the Hiroshima Girls' School, Miss Cook has come to fill a vital place and her influence is keenly felt in the student body of over four hundred. She came to her work well trained, being a graduate of Miss Allen's Kindergarten School in Atlanta. Recently, Miss Cook has been compelled to return to America on account of her health. Having been in Japan since 1904, she is greatly missed. We Wesleyan girls feel a peculiar interest in her as the sister of our own Mrs. White, who has been a positive factor in our College life for a number of years.

Korea has a claim on three Wesleyan girls, Mary Knowles Ross, Mary Johnston and Sallie Kate Cooper.

In Mexico, we are represented by six workers. Pauline Dunlap and Mrs. W. M. Quillian represent the evangelistic field. Mrs. Tochie Williams MacDonell became the wife of a missionary. At present Mrs. MacDonell, together with Mrs. J. B. Cobb, a former teacher of Wesleyan, hold important offices on the General Board of Missions, M. E. Church, South. Annie McLendon and Manelle Forster have been our educators for Mexico. Miss Forster went out five years ago to Mexico and was later transferred to Eliza

Bowman College, Cuba. We feel an especial interest in her because she is the daughter of one of our professors. Year before last, she visited the College, and addressed the student body.

Another Wesleyan girl in Cuba is Anita Morgan, a graduate of 1915. Her work is that of a teacher in Candler College, Havana. Miss Bessie Stubbs is another educator for Cuba.

In Brazil, we have one worker, Fay Granberry Parker. Indian Territory has a claim on two of our girls, Mrs. Addie Singleton Branham and Claude Middlebrooks.

In giving the above names, we are very much bothered about the tense of our verb. We do not know whether to say "are" or "were." It has been impossible to find out whether all of the above are still on the field or not, so we have confined ourselves to the use of the present tense where doubt existed. The significant fact about them, however, is that they were or are Wesleyan's messengers to the world; time is only a secondary consideration.

Summarizing, Wesleyan's contribution to the world's missionary movement is, for China, seventeen workers; for Japan, one; for Korea, three; Mexico, five; Cuba, three; Indian Territory, two; Brazil, one; and India, one. It is no small thing to have given a force of thirty-two strong women to a great cause.

Interest in the missionary cause is still strong at Wesleyan. Last year there were twelve student volunteers, one of whom is already on the field; and the others expect to go out in the near future. Our Missionary Society was one of the first to be organized and is still an enthusiastic organization. The Georgia Students' Missionary League was born at Wesleyan under the leadership of Professor Forster, who is the president.

We are indeed proud of the old college. Our alumnae are an inspiration to us. We are glad that we have a part in the great things of the world. O Wesleyan, whatever else you may teach us, show us, as you have in the past, how

to "spread sweetness and light." Awaken the "divine spark" in the "human clods" among us, that we may make "reason and the will of God prevail." May the Wesleyan of the future be greater and grander. May young women in these halls develop strong personalities and become messengers of light in the world.



WHAT THE WESLEYAN CONSERVATORY MEANS

MYRTLE TALIAFERRO, '16.



THE Wesleyan Conservatory! What do those two words mean? A splendid faculty, Artists' Recitals, the Conservatory Club, students' recitals? All that is much, very much, and Wesleyan is justly proud of the professors and teachers of her music department, and joyously and reverently thanks heaven daily for the blessings bestowed upon her. But a faculty, even such an one as that at Wesleyan, can not in and of itself make a conservatory. The teacher must have a pupil.

Every year there are some three hundred students in the department of music. Every one of these girls is filling a place in some home and community. Consciously or unconsciously she is influencing the thought and ideals of those about her. She is fulfilling that inevitable fate of all mankind, that of being a social factor. Is her musical education fitting her in any adequate manner to meet the responsibility?

Wesleyan College does not favor or even countenance a one-sided education, leaning toward music, all music, and nothing but music. Rather, she recognizes that such a course, because of the very nature of music, defeats its own ends. Music pervades all life in all its fullness and richness, and is itself the mirror of all the joys and sorrows, thoughts, the ideals, the hope and the despair, the failures and the achievements of mankind. The man who does not know nor care for music, who feels no interest whatever in the subject, must nevertheless meet the muse in some form, somewhere, however unaware of it he may be, for music is too fundamental and too essential a part of the universe for any man not to feel its influence. It has pervaded society, and man is and must be, for time and eternity, a part

of the social sphere. On the other hand, an attempt to take music exclusive of other interests, whether intellectual or social, is likewise impossible. Since music is the interpreter to man of the life of man, his origin, his love, and his destiny, any attempt to separate it from the complex interests of man makes music void of meaning and in itself worse than useless. In other words, Wesleyan requires a certain stated amount of literary work, as a prerequisite to a musical diploma.

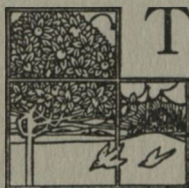
Music in itself is a training for the everyday, the humdrum, the practical work-a-day, live-a-day life of man. To-day one needs a quick brain, capable of driving an idea through to a finish, of seeing the importance of the little things while at the same time placing all points in their natural and respective positions of relative importance and subordination, and of seeing a situation as a whole, but as a whole made up of its separate parts. One needs a will to work, to persevere, to believe in the ultimate success even when the meaning seems the most hidden; the ability and the desire to throw one's whole heart, head, and soul into the piece of work under consideration at a given time. There is a training in attention and perseverance, an alertness and versatility, in pure reason,—for what in the college curriculum requires more downright, good, hard reasoning and common sense than the study of the theory of music?—in the ability and willingness to “dig, dig, dig,” which music gives, which is indispensable in any undertaking of life. Music trains imagination, a valuable asset in this age of science, discovery, and new thought. A scientific turn of mind, a nicety of discrimination, are necessary. Music opens up to its lover and devoted student a world incalculably full and rich. The fact that a person of many interests is a person of happiness, of a firmer character, and of a surer and better influence upon his fellowman is accepted. To be happy oneself and thereby brighten the lives of others is a sacred duty; to influence another is the inexorable fate as well as the transcendent privilege of man.

Some, however, will say that music does not give training, that the "music special" is usually impractical and ill-trained for life. Some are. There are men holding Ph. D.'s and Doctorates who, though they often give much to the world, would be crushed to atoms in a single day if thrown upon their own impractical abilities in the wheel of a humdrum and practical world. But they are now the exception, not the rule. The day of the "crank genius" is over, if in truth it ever dawned. Few minds and characters, of whatever degree of mediocrity or excellence, can fall under the influence of a true musical education, however limited it may be, without coming away finer and richer and better ready to meet the perplexing problems of the every-day world.

Music has another and perhaps a higher influence upon the character of the individual. It refines the sensibilities, and in making the artistic and aesthetic attractive to man, it makes beautiful the most symmetrical and aesthetic of all the elements of life, the moral law. Music opens up a world founded by the eternal God and inhabited by the great minds and souls of all the ages. A simple mind, capable of threading even the extreme borderland of the realm of music, can not come away untouched by the spirits which have put their seal on all the ages to come. One must be a little better for even a glimpse of their glory; one could not be worse. Certainly an appreciation, however meagre, of the harmonious and beautiful in music must make more attractive and meaningful the harmonies and laws of science, of literature, and of religion. Music is one of the great and eternal avenues of approach of man to man, of soul to soul, and of the soul to its God. To know anyone of these truly is to love. And "the first duty of man is the love of man and of God."

ACCIDENT OR PROVIDENCE?

ELIZABETH DAY, '19



T O-NIGHT Betty had conscientiously denied herself the utter bliss of hearing the Hartford Glee Club, which was giving a concert in the Auditorium. Having refused all pleas to go, in order to catch up with her work, her mind just would *not* become fixed on any of the books spread out before her, now that she was seated at the table. She was beginning to think that Freshman studies were the most boring things she had ever encountered. The red roses, too, in the vase near by tempted her into dreaming. Betty, however, was of a most resolute nature; so, taking the tall vase, she walked towards the window, and was just placing it far from her, when sounds of vigorous applause reached her ear. She knew from the heartiness of the applause that the Glee Club was a success.

Betty glanced down thoughtfully at the roses. "If I can't go over there, it seems to me I might get just a peep at 'em. No harm in doing that, and it won't take but a minute." The roses seemed fully to agree to this, swaying slightly in the breeze which was bringing sounds of renewed applause.

Then a brilliant idea struck Betty. Brilliant ideas were never slow about striking Betty, but somehow, as the other girls could testify, they usually landed them all in a very uncomfortable position. She would walk down the fire escape to the next floor, and then across the roof to a window of the balcony, thought Betty, entirely forgetting that it had been expressly forbidden to climb down fire escapes and walk roofs. Climbing cautiously out of her window, and feeling for the iron rods which she had seen that morning, she descended carefully, step by step, until suddenly her grasp almost relaxed, and her foot slipped out into the air. Someone was walking below. Of course, it was the

night watchman, and suppose he should flash his light on her! Her Freshman mind pictured all sorts of punishments and torture that might be inflicted upon her. But he passed on, and she gave a sigh of relief. Then, having almost fallen down the remaining rings, her feet touched the roof. It took but a minute to creep across that, and up to the window.

Standing to one side, so that she could see the stage, Betty remained motionless for some minutes. Then—would nothing go right that night?—a nervous Sophomore, turning and seeing the face dimly against the blackness of the night, gave a piercing shriek, startling everyone into rising. Falling back into the shadows, Betty awaited the investigation which she knew was soon to follow. The affair seemed to have developed a very serious aspect, after all. The Sophomore had fainted, and everyone was trying to find out what was the matter.

By this time, Betty herself had become stiff with terror, and when she heard a voice close behind her, she was capable of nothing more than a resigned grunt. She would bear up bravely now that the mischief was done. Strange to say, however, the voice seemed to be whispering *encouraging* words in her ear. Presently she submissively permitted herself to be led through another window to a wing behind the curtain. Facing her captor, she drew a breath of surprise. He seemed the tallest, handsomest, and most protecting man she had ever seen.

"Well," he said sternly, though a smile was almost breaking through, "You didn't try to kill her, did you?" But already footsteps were heard, and flinging him a grateful glance for answer, she ran hastily but stealthily back to her room, and fell across the bed.

A year and a half had passed. It was the month of August, and Betty with her father and mother was spending the remaining months before going back to Junior life at W—, at Virginia Beach. That morning she was tempted to try an early swim before any one else would be out. But as usual, something went wrong, and the ankle

of her right foot developed a cramp. The pain grew worse and worse, and all thoughts of what to do in such an emergency were confused in her head, and she waved her hand frantically to attract the attention of a man who was walking along the beach. Some ten minutes later Betty found herself safe on the shore.

"Oh, you, you—" she stammered, having gained control of herself.

"And you! Yes, we do know each other, don't we? I was afraid to make too many inquiries, but I've found you now."

"But I never heard of anything like it! How did you happen to save my life both times?"

"Well, it is not so wonderful, is it? You see, it was this way before—I had been watching you all the time that you were outside that window, and when that girl screamed I knew just what the trouble was. And now, how did you come out of the scrape?"

"Oh, that girl told the most gruesome tales about my face. Really, I didn't know it was quite so bad. But," remembering his words, "you were singing on the Club?"

"I hum a little on the sideline. But may I present my—" then remembering that he had no cards with him, he said simply, "My name is Phil Erroll."

"Oh, are you the Erroll that plays football so *wonderfully*?"

"Well, if you think I play so wonderfully, I am flattered," responded Erroll, bowing low.

"Well, I am Betty Carroll, and I think perhaps you know my twin brother?"

"What, Bob Carroll? Well, I should say I do! He was the kid that nestled under my wing at Hartford."

"But I suspect that we'd best be going back to the hotel. I shall not lose you again, though."

"I am *worlds* grateful to you for saving my life," said Betty as she walked along the path beside the man.

At the same time she was thinking, "What a wonderful Prom man he will make!"

A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO WESLEYAN COLLEGE



OUR Wesleyan College is ever famous for being "the oldest and the best," but its greatness in a new direction was pointed out recently by Prof. W. E. Melton, of Emory University. In a letter to the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* he undertakes to show that Wesleyan College had a large influence in producing the literature of the South. Perhaps you had never thought of your own Wesleyan as being one of the most influential forces in this field? Yet this, as Prof. Melton shows, is the remarkable and deserved tribute paid to our college by Prof. Fred Lewis Pattee, of Pennsylvania State College, in his recently published book, "American Literature Since 1870."

Prof Pattee says: "There was another element (i. e. besides the influence of Longstreet realism) in Georgia during the earlier period which had strong influence upon the latter group of writers, and allowed it to produce not only Richard Malcolm Johnson and Joel Chandler Harris and 'Bill Arp,' but poets like Ticknor and Lanier as well. In the cities and larger towns of the state there was an atmosphere of culture unique in the South. One may trace these elements—the Longstreet realism at the one extreme and the Macon College influence at the other—in all the later Georgia writers. . . . It was from the blending of these two streams of influence that there came some of the strongest literature of the new period."

Prof. Pattee also quotes from a personal letter he received from Harry Stillwell Edwards to the same effect. Mr. Edwards writes: "I wish to state as my personal opinion that Georgia's literary development, which is undoubtedly more extensive than that of other Southern States, is due to the intellectual and spiritual soil or environment produced by this college (Wesleyan Female College) in the fifty years

of its existence before 1890. You will understand how this can be true, though the mothers of the state's best-known writers may not have been graduates. In my youth every girl associate I had was of this college. Its atmosphere was everywhere apparent. To-day its graduates lead all over the state."

In closing his article Prof. Melton says: "It is well to have some one remind us—we who sit here at home and forget or overlook many important matters—that the Wesleyan girls of a half century ago are to-day, through their sons and grandsons, filling our pulpits, making and executing our laws, writing our books, instructing our youth, healing our sick, tilling our soil, doing the things worth while.

"Other institutions have arisen to share with Wesleyan the beneficent and everlasting influence of distributing an atmosphere of culture throughout our borders; but where, in all the histories of literature, can we find another example of a single institution being credited with so large influence in producing strong and cultured literature?"

Every Wesleyan girl will appreciate such tributes to her college as these men have given, and will take them unto herself in a personal way. And yet they but show us what Wesleyan has done in the past and define the high standards and the heavy responsibilities which we will have to uphold. If so worthy praise can be given to "the Wesleyan girls of a half century ago," does it not behoove us to work earnestly and zealously that similar honor may be paid us fifty years from now?

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In this last issue of the year we have omitted some of the regular departments in order to make room for "Greater Wesleyan" articles. We wish that it were in our power to put into words a little more of old Wesleyan's greatness, but on such a subject words prove weak and futile. Wesleyan, however, is her own testimonial, and is not dependent upon our feeble praises, though we joy to give them. Already we love to call our Alma Mater "the oldest and the best," but we may still wish heartily, "A Greater Wesleyan!"

* * * * *

THE SOPHOMORES' TOAST TO THE WESLEYAN

Those generous Sophomores, at that always-to-be-remembered banquet of 1916, in which they surpassed all that their Seniors had ever seen, remembered THE WESLEYAN with a toast:

*"There's one who comes in a lavender dress,
(Bedight with purple, too, I guess)
On monthly visits, brief, though bright,
To cheer each one who takes delight*

*In strolls through erudition's bowers;
Or in culling fancy's bright-hued flowers;
Or in that nonsense now and then
So relished by the wisest men;
Or in those themes which are serious, quite,
Concerned with the cause of truth and right—
So comprehensive is her plan,
Then here's my toast: The Wesleyan!"*

We thank you, Sophomores, and, however much or little
THE WESLEYAN of 1916 may have meant, we wish for a
greater one in 1917, and again a greater in 1918.

Y. W. C. A. Department

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"Not by Might, Nor by Power, But by My Spirit, Saith the Lord of Hosts."

A BACKWARD GLANCE

(A REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S WORK.)

Our aim this year has been to carry out the ideal of the Y. W. C. A. in the development of the individual, physically, socially, intellectually, and religiously. As far as possible we have carried out our plans with this in view.

We have not done as much in the line of physical development as we would have done, had we not such splendid facilities in the college for this purpose. Our part has been to favor heartily the necessity for physical education, and to encourage participation in athletics and out-door exercise.

The social phase of our work has found expression in the receptions, parties and hikes which we have had. These entertainments have been a great help in bringing the girls closer together and emphasizing the social side of college life. In fact, at the reception given the first Saturday night after school opened the new girls were given the most cor-

dial welcome of all, and friends and acquaintances were made which would otherwise have taken some time to form.

Our mission-study work is the result of our intellectual efforts. The great interest which was exhibited by the girls in this work is a proof of the good which our work accomplished. Both the leaders and the members of the classes were greatly benefited by their study.

The fourth, but no less important, phase of our work may be divided into two parts, the religious services, and the social service work. Besides our regular daily vesper services, special services were held Thanksgiving, just before Christmas, and during the jubilee month. We have had talks by different members of the faculty and by ministers and friends from out in town, which have been greatly appreciated by us. During our revival meeting, besides the class prayer-meetings earnest personal work was carried on by the cabinet and different members of the Association, which accomplished splendid results.

Our social service committee has done creditable work at the Settlement House and at the Hospital. About two or three times a month programs have been given by the Wesleyan girls at the Settlement, composed of readings, vocal and instrumental numbers. Besides this, several girls have been teaching Domestic Science and Piano out there, and two girls go once a week and play games with the young people. Flowers have been carried to the Hospital several times, and the girls have made some garments for the baby ward.

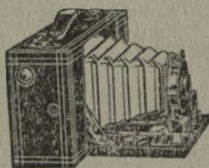
The Eight Weeks' Club is to start right away under the supervision of one of the girls. Those who wish to provide some work for the young people to carry on this summer in their home town will learn how to do this in the Eight Weeks' Club course. In this way, the dull summer days in a small town may be turned into days of worth and profit.

As our new cabinet takes up their various duties, it is the sincere wish and prayer of those whose places they are to fill, that they may be blessed in their efforts, and accomplish great things in His name and through His Spirit.

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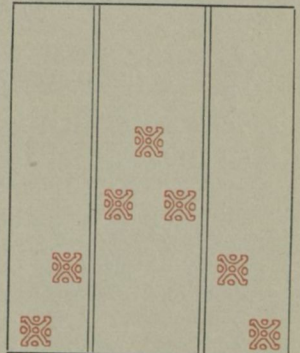
BEHOLD the typographical home of this magazine. In its limning is shadowed forth the outline of the "House that Psychology Built." Within its walls the mental and the physical are so merged in every operation that every part of the Company's out-

put is a bit, however small, of the vast body of universal intelligence. Here practical telepathy transforms delicate fancy, ponderous wisdom, flash of wit and flow of soul into the precise combination of materials and typographic symbolism that makes the printed page a living message from the thinker and writer to the reader. Every piece of work turned out here is not only a specimen of typographic skill and full of the beauty of execution, but it represents the labor of one loving his ability to contribute in so marked a degree to the sum total of the author's final object.

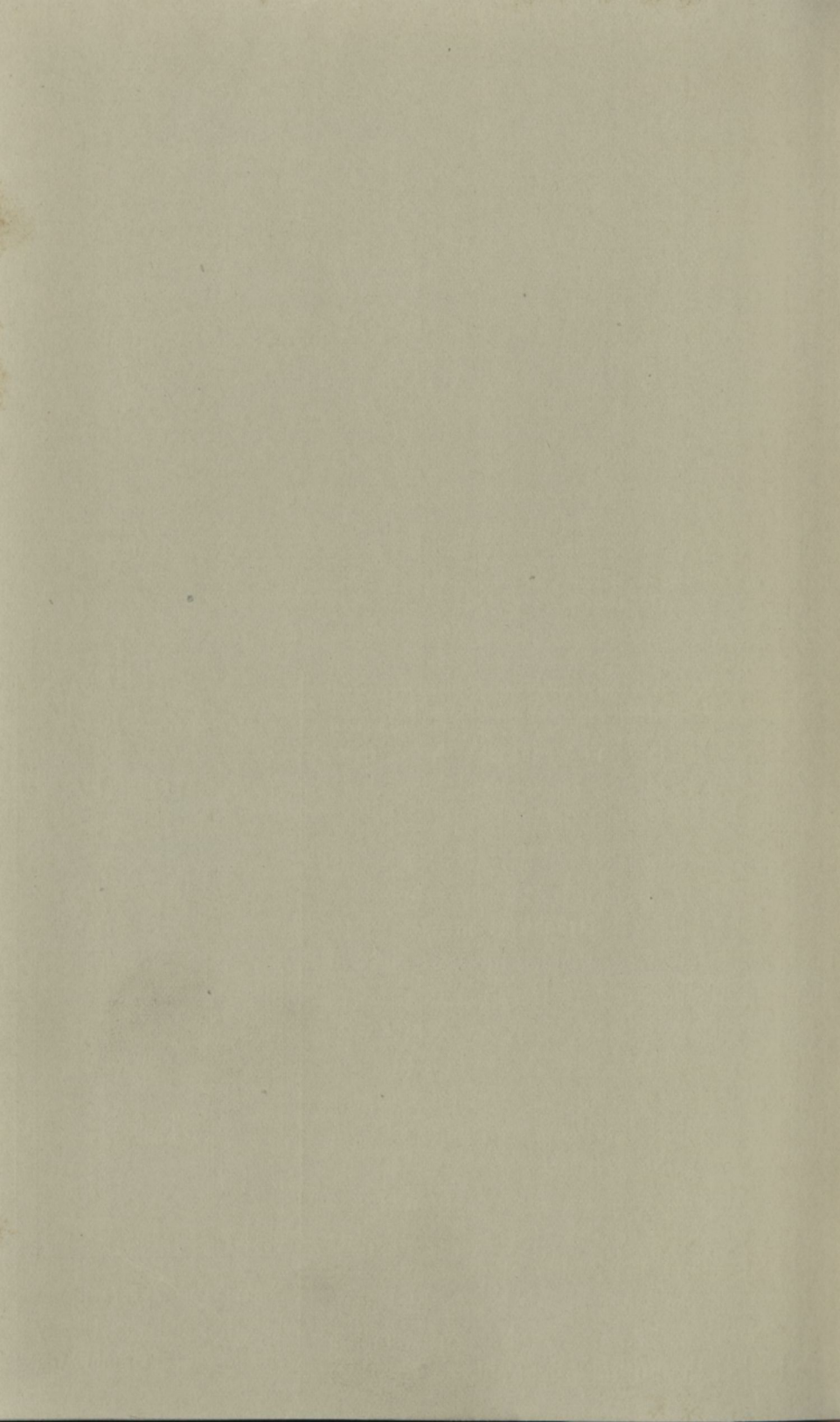
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